

*The History of*

for powder, they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush man, mortall men, mortall men,

*West.* I, but, sir John, methinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

*Fal.* Faith; for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their barenesse, I am sure they neuer learne that of me.

*Prim.* No, Ile besworne, ynlesse you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but sirra make hast, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

*Fal.* What, is the king in camp't?

*West.* He is, sir John, I feare we shal stay too long.

*Fal.* Well, to the later end of a tray, and the beginning of a feast, fits a dull fighter, and a keene guest. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Douglas, and Vernon.*

*Hot.* Weele fight with him to night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You giue him then aduantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

*Wor.* Good coosin be aduisde, stir not to night.

*Ver.* Do not, my Lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsell well:

You speake it out of feare, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas, by my life,

And I dare well maintaine it with my life;

If well respected honor bid me on,

I hold as little counsel with weake feare,

As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:

Let be seene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

*Yea or to night.*

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To night say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be.

I wonder much being men of such great leading as you are,

That you foresee not what impediments

Drag back our expedition: certaine horse

Of my coosin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

*Henry*

Your Vncle Worcesters horse

And now their pride and mett

Their courage with hard labo

That not a horse is halfe the h

*Hot.* So are the horses of th

In generall iorney bated and

The better part of ours are ful

*Wor.* The number of the Ki

For Gods sake, Coosin, stay

*The trumpet sounds a parl*

*Blunt* I come with gracious

If you vouchsafe me hearing,

*Hot.* Welcom, sir Walter. B

You were of our determinati

Some of vs loue you well, and

I nuy your great deservings a

Because you are not of our q

But stand against vs like an en

*Blunt.* And God defend, b

So long as out of limit and tru

You stand against anointed M

But to my charge. The king

The nature of your greiues, a

You coniure from the breast

Such bold hostilitie, teaching

Audacious cruelty. If that th

Haue any way your good def

Which he confesseth to be m

He bids you name your griet

You shall haue your desires, y

And pardon absolute for you

Herein mislead by your sugge

*Hot.* The King is kind: an

Knowes at what time to pr

My father, my vncle, and my

Did giue him that same royal

And when he was not fixe an

Sick in the worldes regard, y